



10-15-1991

## Old Man Winter

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### Recommended Citation

North, Margie Snowden (1991) "Old Man Winter," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 23.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss1/23>

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## OLD MAN WINTER

by *Margie Snowden North*

The leaves are shades of purple  
and orange and brown and red—  
the cornstalks out in the fields  
are withered and mostly dead;  
the turkeys are hollering and strutting in the pen—  
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

The wind howls 'round the corners  
and you want to snuggle deep,  
but the cows must be milked  
and the roosters disturb your sleep.  
Little mice look cozy in the old corn bin—  
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

The kids are eating popcorn  
inside where it's warm and friendly,  
outside the bare trees whip,  
gray and tall and spindly.  
The clouds look dark and the sun is mighty thin—  
Looks like Old Man Winter's creeping in.

Ice is  
beginning to form  
on the pond just up the road,  
a farmer's wagon creaks,  
coming in with the last big load.  
Back north the clouds are forming,  
thick and dark as sin.  
Looks like it might start storming—  
Yes, Old Man Winter just blew in. ■



illustration by *Mike Sigurdson*